A MANDAT

OF THE

Archbiſhop of *Cambray* (the Famous Author of *Telemachus*,) ordaining Prayers for Peace.

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IF People had never ſeen War kindled between Neighbouring Nations, they could hardly believe, That men could arm themſelves againſt one another. They are over-whelmed with their own Miſeries and Mortality, and ſtil, induſtriouſly, encreaſe the Wounds of Nature, and invent new Ways of Deſtroying themſelves. They have but few Moments to live, and yet cannot be contented to let theſe Melancholy Moments ſlide away in peace. There lie before them vaſt Countries, without Poſſeſſors, and, nevertheleſs, they worry one another for a Nook of Land. Ravaging, Spilling of Blood, and Deſtroying Mankind, is call'd the Art of great Men: But *Wars*, ſays St. *Auguſtin*, *are Spectacles in which the Devil does cruelly ſport with mankind.* Ludit Dæmonium. The moſt juſt Princes are oblig'd to take up Arms: A Misfortune the more deplorable, as it is become neceſſary. GOD himſelf makes uſe of Wars towards the Accompliſhing of his Decrees, juſt as the moſt exquiſite Poiſons enter the Compoſition of the moſt wholſome Remedies. How deſperat therefore our Ills muſt be, ſince we need ſo deſperat a Remedy! *A long Peace*, ſays St. *Cyprian*, *corrupts the Diſcipline God had given to Men; ſo that a heavenly Chaſtiſement is neceſſary to awaken our drooping and drowſy Faith.* God puniſhes Nations by one another, becauſe they have all ſinned. *He ſtrikes thoſe great Blows that ſhake the whole Earth*, ſays St. *Auſtin*, *in order to* break *the* Pride *of the* Wicked, *and* exerciſe *the* Patience *of the* Good. 'Tis now more than Eight Years, *moſt dear Brethren*, ſince his hand is lifted up; and yet People are not ſenſible of it. *Sinners are humbled, without being converted.* There never was ſo much Luxury and Voluptuouſneſs; never ſuch Baſeneſs for Gain; never ſuch high Contempt of Virtue: *Luxury* is ſupported by *Tricking*; the *deſperat Condition* every one brings himſelf to, *ſtrikes at the very Root of all Honeſty*, and *corrupts* the *Principles* of *whole Nations*; Humility is trod under Foot; Chriſtian Meekneſs turn'd into Ridicule; and the *Authority* of the *Church* is but a *High-ſound*: Is it becauſe we have reach'd the laſt Period, in which *Charity will grow cold*, Iniquity increaſe, and in which the *Son of Man will hardly find any Faith?* Let us look no where elſe but in our ſelves for the Cauſe of our Ills: *Our Sins are our greateſt Enemies, and draw upon us all the reſt.* We fight againſt theſe, and inſtead of over-coming the other, we baſely deliver up our ſelves to them. We cannot appeaſe the Storm which toſſes Chriſtian Nations, but by attoning the juſt Wrath of the Almighty. He loves to be diſarm'd by humble and contrite Hearts; and after he has given way to his Anger, he remembers his former Mercies. Let us pray to him, *moſt dear Brethren, not for the* Deſtruction *of our* Enemies, *who are ſtill our* Brethren, *but for our* Reconciliation *with them, by a* good Peace; not in order to indulge our Paſſions, glut our ſelves with the treacherous Sweets of our Pilgrimage; and forget our true Habitation; but, on the contrary, that we may be more free; more quiet; more compoſed; and better fitted for the Kingdom of God; that, according to his Eternal Decrees, he may procure us a *PEACE* for the Comfort of the *Church*, as well as of *Nations*; and which may, on *Earth*, be an Image of the *Tranquility* of *Heaven*.